

The Yale Expositor.

J. A. MENZIES, Publisher.

YALE, MICH

Had friendship lingered, hell could not have been.

The philosopher's scales are useless out of his own hands.

If you would rise with the lark avoid the midnight swallows.

The drunkard's thread of life is evidently wound on a reel.

Women are far more heroic than man—as any shoe dealer will tell you.

Through a man's tongue we get a glimpse of his brains—or his lack thereof.

A still tongue makes a wise head, but it's different with the product of a whisky still.

Women seldom take back their unkind words unless they want to use them over again.

A man knows very little of the happenings in the neighborhood when his wife is away on a visit.

The man who thinks he can make a success of anything he undertakes is apt to be an unsuccessful thinker.

Too often when a man's good deeds speak for themselves he spoils the effect by going around with his mouth open.

If we don't acquire more territory and adopt a policy of expansion how are we going to accommodate all the golf links?

A Kansas baby girl has been named Funstonie, probably just for the purpose of making her regret all her life that she wasn't a boy.

An enterprising Chicago man has established a night school of wood carving. Situations will be secured for graduates in boarding houses.

Courtesy is the passport to success. We double the power of our life when we add to its gifts unfailing courtesy. The world always begrudges room to a boor.

The prudent sees only the difficulties, the bold only the advantages of the great enterprise; the hero sees both, diminishes those, makes these predominate and conquers.

Nothing is easier than ridicule; and in nine cases out of ten where ridicule is used, it is resorted to only because it is the only weapon available. The man of intelligence will use his reason in argument with his opponent; the man of knowledge will use his knowledge; but the man who has neither knowledge nor intelligence must resort to ridicule. It is a poorly furnished armory which supplies no better weapon.

Sir Lewis Morris has written an ode on Queen Victoria's birthday, probably for the double purpose of showing his loyalty to his sovereign and demonstrating that if he had been appointed laureate he could have been depended upon for an ode or an elegy or anything else in that line at any time when circumstances seemed to call for it. Sir Lewis was one of the most prominent candidates for the laureateship before Alfred Austin was appointed, and it was the opinion of a great many people, at the time the choice was made, that the former would have been a much better man for the place than his successful rival.

The subject of old age pensions has been a subject of discussion and legislation for years in Europe. In Germany the matter was long ago taken up by the imperial government. In 1889 an old age and invalidity bill was passed by the reichstag, under which in 1892 a total of 470,000 people in Berlin alone—nearly one-third the entire population—were insured. There has always been much dissatisfaction with the working of the scheme, however, in Germany, as in every other country where it has been tried. In Australia an old age pension law, with government support, has recently gone into force. Already grave defects have been found in its practical application. In England Mr. Joseph Chamberlain has been for years an earnest advocate of a national measure for old age pensions. The debate over the pension bill introduced by him was one of the features of the parliament now in session. In most cases these old age pension schemes have been practically compulsory life insurance laws, the state guaranteeing the payment of pensions to persons over 65 who have not sufficient means for independent support, and itself paying a certain percentage of each pension.

When Peter the Great first went into Germany, the gentlemen of his suite mistook the whalebone stays of their partners in the dance for a natural physical feature, and loudly remarked that the German ladies' backs were monstrous hard. Such modern armor-plate is more intelligently condemned by a well-known physician among the Indians, who says that after those women become civilized and adopt so-called civilized dress their magnificent health rapidly gives way to diseases of the spine and lungs.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

WHICH CHURCH? THE SUBJECT FOR LAST SUNDAY.

From Gen. 13:8 as follows: "Let There Be No Strife, I Pray Thee, Between Me and Thee and Between My Herdsmen and Thy Herdsmen."

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Uncle and nephew, Abram and Lot, both pious, both millionaires, and with such large flocks of bleating sheep and lowing cattle that their herdsmen got into a fight, perhaps about the best pasture, or about the best water privilege, or because the cow of one got booked by the horns of the other. Not their poverty of opportunity, but their wealth, was the cause of the controversy between these two men. To Abram, the glorious old Mesopotamian sheik, such controversy seemed absurd. It was like two ships quarreling for sea room in the middle of the Atlantic ocean. There was a vast reach of country, cornfields, vineyards, harvests and plenty of room in illimitable acreage. "Now," says Abram, "let us agree to differ. Here are the mountain districts, swept by the tonic sea breeze, and with wide-reaching prospect, and there is the plain of the Jordan, with tropical luxuriance. You may have either." Lot, who was not as rich as Abram, and might have been expected to take the second choice, made the first selection, and with a modesty that must have made Abram smile, said to him:

"You may have the rocks and the fine prospect; I will take the valley of the Jordan, with all its luxuriance of cornfields, and the river to water the flocks, and the genial climate, and the wealth immeasurable." So the controversy was forever settled, and the great-souled Abram carried out the suggestion of the text: "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdsmen and thy herdsmen. Is not the whole land before thee?"

Well, in this, the last decade of the nineteenth century, and in this beautiful land, which was called America, after Americus Vesputius, but should have been called Columbia, after its discoverer, Columbus, we have a wealth of religious privilege and opportunity that is positively bewildering. Churches of all sorts of creeds and of all kinds of government, and all forms of worship, and all styles of architecture. What opulence of ecclesiastical opportunity! Now, while in desolate regions there may be only one church, in the opulent districts of this country there is such a profusion that there ought to be no difficulty in making a selection. No fight about vestments, or between liturgical or non-liturgical adherents, or as to baptismal modes, or a handful of water as compared with a riverful. If Abram prefers to dwell on the heights, where he can only get a sprinkling from the clouds, let him consent that Lot have all the Jordan in which to immerse himself. "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdsmen and thy herdsmen. Is not the whole land before thee?"

Especially is it unfortunate when families allow angry discussion at the breakfast or dining or tea table, as to which is the best church or denomination, one at one end of the table saying he could never endure the rigid doctrines of Presbyterianism, one at the other end responding that she never could stand the forms of Episcopacy, and one at one side of the table saying he did not understand how anybody could bear the noise in the Methodist church, and another declaring all the Baptists bigots. There are hundreds of families hopelessly split on ecclesiasticalism, and in the middle of every discussion on such subjects there is a kindling of indignation, and it needs some old father Abram to come and put his foot on the loaded fuse before the explosion takes place and say: "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdsmen and thy herdsmen. Is not the whole land before thee?"

I undertake a subject never undertaken by any other pulpit, for it is an exceedingly delicate subject, and if not rightly handled might give serious offense; but I approach it without the slightest trepidation, for I am sure I have the divine direction in the matters I propose to present. It is a tremendous question, asked all over Christendom, often asked with tears and sobs and heart-breaks, and involving the peace of families, the eternal happiness of many souls. In matters of church attendance should the wife go with the husband, or the husband go with the wife?

First, remember that all the evangelical churches have enough truth in them to save the soul and prepare us for happiness on earth and in heaven. I will go with you into any well-selected theological library, and I will show you sermons from ministers in all denominations that set forth man as a sinner and Christ as a deliverer from sin and sorrow. That is the whole gospel. Get that into your soul and you are fitted for the here and hereafter. There are differences, we admit, and some denominations we like better than others. But suppose three or four of us make solemn agreement to meet each other a week from now in Chicago on important business and one goes by the New York Central railroad, another by the Erie railroad, another by the Pennsylvania railroad, another by the Baltimore & Ohio railroad. One goes this way because the

mountains are grander, another takes this because the cars are more luxurious; another takes the other because he has long been accustomed to that route, and all the employees are familiar. So far as our engagement to meet is concerned, it makes no difference if we only get there. Now, any one of the innumerable evangelical denominations, if you practice its teaching—although some of their trains run on a broad gauge and some on a narrow gauge—will bring you out at the city of the New Jerusalem.

Mighty God! In all Thy realm is there one man or woman professing religion, yet so stolid, so unfitted, so far gone unto death that there would be any hesitancy in surrendering all preferences before such an opportunity of salvation and heavenly reunion? If you, a Christian wife, are an attendant upon any church, and your unconverted husband does not go there because he does not like its preacher or its music or its architecture or its uncomfortable crowding, and goes not to any house of worship, but would go if you would accompany him somewhere else, change your church relations. Take your hymnbook home with you to-day. Say good-by to your friends in the neighboring pews and go with him to any one of a hundred churches till his soul is saved and he joins you in the march to heaven. More important than that ring on the third finger of your left hand is that your Heavenly Father command the angel of mercy, concerning your husband at his conversion, as in the parable of old: "Put a ring on his hand."

No letter of more importance ever came to the great city of Corinth, situated on what was called the "Bridge of the Sea," and glistened with sculpture, and gazed with a style of brass the magnificence of which the following ages have not been able to successfully imitate, and overshadowed by the Acro-Corinthus, a fortress of rock 2,000 feet high—say no letter ever came to that great city of more importance than that letter in which Paul puts the two startling questions: "What knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband? Or how knowest thou, O man, whether thou shalt save thy wife?" The dearest sacrifice on the part of the one is cheap if it rescues the other. Better go to the smallest, weakest, most insignificant church on earth and be co-partners in eternal bliss, than pass your earthly membership in a most gorgeously attractive church while your companion stays outside of evangelical privilege. Better have the drowning saved by a scow or a sloop than let him or her go down while you sail by in the gilded cabins of a majestic or Campanian.

Second remark: If both of the married couple be Christians, but one is so naturally constructed that it is impossible to enjoy the services of a particular denomination, and the other is not so sectarian or punctilious, let the one less particular go with the other who is very particular. As for myself, I feel as much at home in one denomination of evangelical Christians as another, and I think I must have been born very near the line. I like the solemn roll of the Episcopal liturgy, and I like the spontaneity of the Methodist, and I like the importance given to the ordinance of baptism by the Baptists, and I like the freedom of the Congregationalists, and I like the government and the sublime doctrine of the Presbyterians, and I like many of the others just as much as any I have mentioned, and I could happily live, and preach, and die, and be buried from any of them. But others are born with a liking so stout, so unbending, so inexorable for some denomination, that it is a positive necessity they have the advantage of that one. What they were intended to be in ecclesiasticalism was written in the sides of their cradle, if the father and mother had eyes keen enough to see it. They would not stop crying until they had put into their hands as a plaything a Westminster Catechism or the Thirty-nine Articles. The whole current of their temperament and thought and character runs into one set of religiousists as naturally as the James river into the Chesapeake. It would be a torture to such persons to be anywhere outside of that one church.

Now, let the wife or husband who is not so constructed sacrifice the milder preference for the one more inflexible and rigorous. Let the grapevine follow the ruggedities and sinuosities of the oak or hickory. Abram, the richer in flocks of Christian grace, should say to Lot, who is built on a smaller scale: "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdsmen and thy herdsmen. Is not the whole land before thee?" As you can be edified and happy anywhere, go with your companion to the church to which he or she must go or be miserable.

Take a hint from astronomy. The Ptolemaic system made the earth the center of the solar system, and everything was thought to turn round the earth. But the Copernican system came, and made the sun the center around which the planets revolved. The bigot makes his little belief the center of everything, but the large-souled Christian makes the Sun of Righteousness the center, and all denominations, without any clashing and each in its own sphere, revolving around it. Over the tomb of Dean Stanley in Westminster Abbey is the passage of Scripture: "Thy commandments are exceeding broad." Let no man crowd us on a path like the bridge at Al Sirat, which the Mohammedan thinks leads him from this world over the abyss of hell into Paradise, the breadth of the bridge less than the web of a starved spider, or the edge of a

sword or razor, off the edges of which many fall. No; while the way is not wide enough to take with us any of our sins, it is wide enough for all Christian believers to pass without peril into everlasting safety. But do not any of you depend upon what you call "a sound creed" for salvation. A man may own all the statutes of the state of New York and yet not be a lawyer; and a man may own all the best medical treatises and not be a physician; and a man may own all the best works on painting and architecture and not be either painter or architect; and a man may own all the sound creeds in the world and yet not be a Christian. Not what you have in your head and on your tongue, but in your heart and in your life, will decide everything.

But let us all rejoice that, although part of our family may worship on earth in one church and part in another church, or bowed at the same altar in a compromise of preferences, we are, if redeemed, on the way to a perfect church, where all our preferences will be fully gratified. Great cathedral of eternity, with arches of amethysts and pillars of sapphires, with floors of emerald, and windows aglow with the sunrise of heaven! What stupendous towers, with chimneys angel-hoisted and angel-rung! What myriads of worshippers, white-robed and coroneted! What an officiator at the altar, even "the great High Priest of our profession!" What walls, hung with the captured shields and flags, by the church militant passed up to be church triumphant! What doxologies of all nations! Coronet to coronet, cymbal to cymbal, harp to harp, organ to organ! Pull out the tremulant stop to recall the suffering past! Pull out the trumpet stop to celebrate the victory!

When shall these eyes thy heavenly bulwarks
And pearl gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold.

RIDICULE

Takes All the Assurance Out of the Most Frigid Man.

New Orleans Times-Democrat:
"Strange how easily we are bowled over by ridicule," said the man at the cigar counter. "I was standing on the corner yesterday and saw a well-set-up portly gentleman saunter out of the postoffice and start up Canal street. He wore a beautiful light gray suit, every detail of his attire was elegance itself, his mustache was curled carefully at the ends and he walked with the air of a conquering hero. He looked so cool, so confident and so exceedingly aristocratic that people instinctively made way for him as he approached. He had gone perhaps 30 yards when all of a sudden he stopped, hesitated a moment, and then put his right foot on a box near the curb. His shoe had become untied and the strings were trailing. So far, however, he had lost none of his dignity, but when he attempted to stoop over he immediately became ridiculous. To save his soul he couldn't reach the eyelets. It was that unlucky embolism, 'y' know, and although he puffed and strained and got as red as a lobster his finger tips were still four inches from the shoe strings. At that instant he happened to glance around and saw two ladies coming out of a shop. They were looking at him and giggling. That settled it! In the twinkling of an eye he had lost every vestige of his assurance. His elegant aplomb vanished like magic. He seemed to collapse upon himself and actually got old while he was taking his foot off the box. He was an abject, pathetic spectacle. He hurried away, no longer a conquering hero, but a cringing, waddling, apologetic fat man, totally unnerved by the mere fact that he couldn't tie his own shoes, and that women were laughing about it. Yes, my boy, a game man can stand anything except ridicule. That knocks him out."

WHERE SHARKS ARE PRESERVED

After all one has read of the voracity of sharks, it sounds hardly credible that these monsters of the deep are fed and kept as a means of public defense. This is, however, the case in the French colony of Porto Novo, on the west coast of Africa. The native King of Porto Novo, though receiving a yearly tribute of a couple of wagon-loads of cowries from the French firm of De Regis in Marseilles, is not powerful enough to protect the colonists against the predatory incursions of the blacks.

The French factory is not situated on the coast, but some little distance inland, and is partly surrounded by a lagoon, in which a number of sharks are fed every day with meat and offal, to encourage them to stay, and thus prevent the negroes from attempting to swim across. The plan, though somewhat expensive, appears to work well, for since its adoption the colony has received no attack from that quarter.

In Martinique also the sharks receive a daily allowance of food, but in this instance it is done to prevent desertion from the vessels in port, and the brave tars think twice before jumping into the water, as they know very well that they run a far likelier chance of being swallowed by a shark than of getting to shore. These funny monsters are termed "Watchers" by the native population.

It's always safe to name a baby boy William. If he grows up to be a good young man people will call him Willie, and if he doesn't they will dub him Bill.

TERRIFIC STORM IN IOWA.

Three Members of a Family Killed Near Sioux City.

FATHER, MOTHER AND SON DEAD

The House of John Malloy, with Its inmates, Lifted in the Air by the Wind—None of the Occupants Escaped Injury—Other Casualties.

Sioux City, Iowa, June 13.—A tornado struck one-half mile from the town of Salix, near Sioux City, at 5:30 o'clock Sunday evening, almost wiping one family out of existence. The dead are:

JOHN MALLOY, farmer.
KATE MALLOY, his wife.
HARRY MALLOY, 16-year-old son. The injured are:

Bessie Malloy, 19 years old; skull fractured; will die.

Thomas Malloy, 18 years old; leg mangled and injured internally.

Fred Malloy, 26 years old; back injured; serious.

Pat Malloy, 14 years old; collarbone broken and back wrenched; will recover.

Jack Malloy, 24 years old; arm cut and body injured; slight.

When the storm came the Malloy family had just got up from the supper table. Dick Malloy saw the cloud and told the family to go to the cellar. The members went and Dick went across the road to the home of Mrs. Cora Hassel, who is a widow with seven children. He took them to the cellar, and when their house was blown away they were uninjured. The man had to grab the legs of a little boy to keep him from being sucked out of the cellar by the air.

The Malloy family remained in the cellar only a few minutes. Its members had no more than ascended the stairs when the funnel-shaped cloud struck, and they were hurled in the air with the flying timbers.

The homes of Philip Burger, Joseph Bernard, Patrick O'Neill and Mrs. Hassel are all close together, and only the O'Neill dwelling escaped. The other homes were scattered for half a mile. With the exception of the Malloys, the families remained in the cellars until their homes had gone, and they found themselves unhurt.

A freight train was stopped before it ran into the storm, and the conductor took the injured to Sioux City, where they were placed in hospitals.

After wiping up the houses in this district, the storm seemed to rise, and was not heard of again. At Homer, Neb., a revival-meeting tent was blown over and an unknown woman fatally injured. At Leeds, north of Sioux City, a cloudburst flooded the streets of the town, but little damage is reported.

HEAVY STORMS IN MINNESOTA.

Rains and Thunderstorms in the Upper Mississippi Valley.

Winona, Minn., June 13.—Terrific rains have fallen in this section of the Mississippi valley for the last ten hours, accompanied by a heavy electrical disturbance. Bridges and dams have been washed away in every direction and roads are impassable.

Railroad travel is completely at a standstill, no trains having arrived or departed since noon, and there is no prospect of any before tomorrow noon. The Chicago and Northwestern has two iron bridges off their foundations west of here and a bad washout east.

Tornado North of Whiting.

Whiting, Iowa, June 13.—A tornado struck fifteen miles north of here at 7:30 Sunday night. Telegraph wires were prostrated and much other damage done.

Plans for Cable to Germany.

New York, June 13.—The British cable steamship Britannia, which arrived here from Fayal in the Azores, has completed her work of taking soundings for the cable that will connect New York with Emden, Germany. A syndicate of German capitalists, the Land and Sea Cable company of Cologne, and the Commercial Cable company of this city, will build and own the line, which will cost about \$5,000,000.

Indiana Murderer Is Taken.

Scottsburg, Ind., June 13.—David Harris, who shot and killed George Brown in Seymour Saturday night, was captured Sunday afternoon in Little York, eight miles west of here, and was taken to Salem for safe-keeping, as threats of lynching had been made. The jail is heavily guarded in anticipation of an attack being made upon it.

Religious Riots in India.

Bombay, June 13.—Riots similar to those which occurred at Tinnevely recently are taking place in the Madras district. The authorities have asked for military help. Grave trouble is threatened. The riots are between hostile religious sects. They have become so violent that in the Tinnevely fully 100 murders have been committed.

Kills His Wife and Himself.

Scottsburg, Ind., June 13.—John T. Mount, former trustee of Findlay township, shot his wife and then turned the weapon on himself, dying almost instantly. Mr. Mount lately resigned as trustee of Findlay township because of ill health and temporary mental derangement.

Negro Lynched by Negroes.

Sardis, Miss., June 13.—Simon Brooks, colored, was lynched by a mob of 500 negroes near here. The crime which was thus avenged was the murder of a negro woman named Armistead by Brooks and another negro.

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